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children of long ago had joined dolls manipulated by strings.

Although toys were among the first things man made, progress in their manufacture was slow. A century ago they were limited in variety and of the simplest construction. Besides dolls there were hoops and jumping rings, topins and marbles, popguns, battledore and shuttlecock and jack in the box. That was about all.

The modern toy store is a miniature exposition of life. There is no triumph of engineering the toymaker does not emulate after his fashion. But it is doubtful that the children are happier than rag dolls and stick horses made them. If the child's genius for finding substitutes for the real thing could be carried into adult life the nerve specialists could take down their shingles.

The Cut in Railroad Rates Makes a Cut in the Railroad Wage Inevitable.

The otherwise sensible newspaper that denounces making railroad wage reductions measure against railroad rate reductions, as the World does, probably is merely ignorant of all the determining factors in the situation. Not knowing or caring that the billions of rate increases went into payrolls, such an uninformed critic would not stop to ask itself out of what moneys hundreds of millions of rate decreases could come if not out of the wages that had absorbed all the rate increases.

But if the United States Railroad Labor Board does not know the determining factors in this vital national problem it is not fit to be on the job and ought not to be in existence. Yet the United States Railroad Labor Board seems to hold the astounding attitude that there need be and should be no relationship between a wage decision of the board and a rate decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission! But the two things are absolutely and inseparably interdependent. And if the fact is ignored by traffic rate maker or by wage scale maker, then either the insupportable transportation bill of the American public cannot come down to the level it should reach or the railroads of the country, both as business properties and as efficient carriers, are bound to pile up in colossal wreck.

The record of who got the billions of rate increases that were steam shoveled out of the American people is as clear as daylight. In the calendar year of 1917 the total operating revenues of the roads were \$4,014,142,748. The stupendous rate increases which followed under Government operation and later ran into revenues up to \$4,881,000,000 in 1918, to \$5,145,000,000 in 1919 and in 1920 to \$6,171,493,301.

There was an increase of \$2,157,000,000 for the American public to look up on its bending back. But the railroads did not get one nickel out of that two billions and nearly two hundreds of millions of dollars of increased transportation bills. On the contrary, the railroads got worse than nothing out of it.

The tax collector in 1920 got \$65,000,000 more than in 1917, the railroad tax bills in that time going up from less than \$214,000,000 to \$279,000,000. The bond debt creditor got \$56,000,000 more, the interest charges going up from \$419,000,000 to \$475,000,000. But it was railroad labor which swallowed almost whole that rate increase of approximately two billions of dollars. Of the increased operating revenues coming from the increased traffic rates piled on the public railroad labor got \$1,959,000,000 a year, the railroad payrolls going up from \$1,739,482,142 in 1917 to the staggering 1920 total of \$3,698,216,351.

So the railroads to meet their other expense increases—coal, materials, supplies and miscellaneous—had to work it out as best they could, all of them paying out of what had previously been returns on the investment, many of them out of accumulated surplus and some of them out of borrowed money.

In 1916, for example, with only a little more than three and a half billions of dollars of total operating revenue the roads had earned as an investment return to pay interest and dividends a billion of dollars. In 1917, with four billions of dollars of operating revenues, the investment return was \$934,000,000. In 1920, however, after the two billion dollar rate increase piled on the back of the public, the railroads, as a whole, with more than six billions of dollars of operating revenues, had an investment return of \$61,928,626.

The majority of the roads were bankrupt. The greatest and strongest, as well as the smallest and weakest, were falling to pieces because after paying the \$3,698,216,351 in wages, \$673,000,000 in coal bills, \$475,000,000 in interest and \$279,000,000 in taxes, not to mention \$122,000,000 in loss and damage, \$66,000,000 in insurance and injuries to persons, etc., they did not have chicken feed left to pay for rolling stock repairs, rail renewals and roadbed upkeep and betterments.

One thing more to show whether the American public can ever get back to normal transportation bills unless the railroad payrolls are readjusted to permit the lower traffic rates:

In the three fiscal years of 1912, 1913 and 1914 to July 1 before the war the total operating revenues of the American people, that is to say, the total operating revenues of all the railroads, averaged below \$3,000,000,000 a year. But in 1920 the railroad payrolls and taxes alone were

a billion dollars more than that—\$3,979,000,000.

To talk, therefore, of getting the railroad rates back where they ought to be for the American public without corresponding wage adjustments is nothing but cheerful idiocy, whether it is the irresponsible chatter of a scribbler or the solemn utterance of a Government officer. By the same ladder the railroad operating expenses went up their steep climb they must come down, step by step, to earth again.

On Chatting With Venus.

The earth is always a little lonelier. At least its dwellers are invariably interested when science suggests that one of our neighboring planets is inhabited. We yearn to extend the hand of fellowship across the vast wild spaces of the skies. It makes people happy to learn that the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, C. G. Amos, considers it possible that the planet Venus contains intelligent life.

This is not revolutionary. When the great Swedish astronomer SVANTE ARRHENIUS published his "Destinies of the Stars" in 1918 he declared not only that Mars was as dead as the moon but that Venus was the white hope of the solar system. She has a climate about as warm and moist as the heart of a Congo forest and therefore is suited to the production of vegetable and animal life.

Confronted with the usual question whether it would be possible to communicate with Venus, Mr. Amos replied that if it were the cost would be immense. It is, indeed, quite a drain on the imagination to contemplate the possibility of chatting with a planet. We must assume that Venus has had her Franklins, Edisons and Marconis, and that she has proceeded along the same lines as this world in the development of the radio.

More than that, those who believe that there will be interplanetary communication must be confident that the other satellites of the sun have inhabitants imbued with a desire to chat with the land of CHARLEY CHAPLIN. How do they know that curiosity is not a blessing bestowed exclusively upon the children of ADAM?

Fill the Sailor's Library.

The American Merchant Marine Library Association is doing all it can to provide books for sailors on American ships, but it needs help. It asks everybody who has books or magazines to spare to send them to the New York Public Library, marked plainly "For American Merchant Marine Library Association."

Men at sea have time for reading, but the books to which the crew has access are usually few, and the ship's library needs replenishing as much as the ship's galley. In nearly every home there are duplicate copies of books and other volumes which are not wanted once they have been read. There are stacks of magazines that must be disposed of somehow. These can be sent to the association with the assurance that they will be put to good use.

If gifts are accompanied by the donor's name their receipt will be acknowledged.

Write uses for separation after fifty-two years of married life.—*Newspaper headline.*

It is well understood that the first hundred years are the hardest.

Citizens are buying Austrian kronen on New York streets for three times their quoted price, bootleggers are paying tolls on city bridges, a visitor from Boston cheerfully paid \$20 for the privilege of walking out of the Grand Central waiting room. In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of bunk.

The recent collision between the American steamship H. P. Alexander and the British steamship Andree off Port Mifflin was the result of efforts both vessels made to avoid running down a schooner. Nobody was hurt in the collision. Had either ship struck the rowboat lives might have been sacrificed. The money loss caused by the collision can be made good, but had lives been lost there could have been no redress.

Milwaukee girls clad in hiking costumes, which, according to Wisconsin fashion, are sleeveless and low cut as to the upper section and bifurcated as to the lower section, are barred from certain churches. In Kansas City, however, Missouri shows a greater tolerance, and some preachers have set aside social halls for loving couples. In this broad land there is room for all opinions and for most costumes.

This loop should be a moving platform, not a railroad. Only an end less belt would be able to do the trick. Trains, starting and stopping, would be a mistake on a line only two miles long. The four stations at the corners of the square are about half a mile apart. Long trains could not be handled and short ones would not hold the traffic at the rush hours. But a moving platform is a train which in this case would be no starting or stopping or maneuvering of doors.

Babe Ruth's Misdeeds.

The two offenses committed by the Hon. Babe Ruth on Thursday must be considered each by itself. The first chronologically was the tossing of a handful of earth in the face of an umpire who had called him out. This was as unwise as it was reprehensible. Umpires, as every ball player will agree, need clean faces and clear visions. Throwing dust in the eyes of an umpire would obviously unfit him for his job.

And yet is the Broodingnagian batsman solely to blame for falling into such a gross error? Should not the traditions of the game be indicted jointly with him? Baseball is the only American sport in which it is fashionable to dispute an umpire's decision. The most famous players of the game include a large percentage of umpire baiters. Jawn McGraw early attracted public notice by his habit of staking up to an erring umpire and breathing fire at him. Disputing the umpire was followed by

Jokers in the Tariff.

Proposed Duties on Gas Mantles and Aluminum Articles.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Permit me to extend my hearty approval and that of many of my associates and friends, all Republicans, on the stand you have taken against the present proposed tariff bill.

The tariff is full of jokers, duties, for instance, being doubled on gas mantles on which there is monopoly at present held by the Welshbach company, against which company the Government is now bringing suit in one department, while presenting it with a still more complete monopoly in another branch of the Government. There is also the case of the Aluminum Company of America, which already has a monopoly, and for the last ten years has never failed to pay 10 per cent. dividends, earning recently we understand, \$10,000,000 in one year on a capital of \$18,000,000.

We have written to many Senators, including those from New York State, and Senator McCumber. The answers to our appeals are simply acknowledgments, so that recently a Republican has had to resort to writing letters to Senator Walsh, a Democratic Senator, in order to get even a hearing. Please let me add that we have received excellent attention from this gentleman in a quite non-partisan way.

Senator McCumber has what he calls a suspense file, into which most of our correspondence seems to find its way. Just what this suspense file is we do not know, but have an idea it is somewhere among old and musty documents or prehistoric public records, or it might even be the waste basket.

E. W. DUTTON.
New York, May 26.

San Francisco's Ways.

Gold Coins Treated Like Pebbles, Cigars Like Pearls.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: I read with interest S. L. Platt's letter narrating the manner in which gold coins, stacked in open end trays, were kept on the unscrupulous counters in San Francisco cigar stores. If a clerk knew to see the tellers scoop up the stacks of gold pieces with ivory handled shovels; never counting the pieces in a stack, though they were double eagles; so many stacks, so many odd pieces; there they were, the amount of your check.

The reverse of that seemingly free and easy custom was the manner of salesmanship in ready cigar stores. These stores, up thirty years or so ago at least, had no fronts. Each was closed at night with shutters, which were stored away out of sight when the place was opened.

An open box of cigars was never seen except when a customer was purchasing. Before humidor were part of a cigar store equipment in New York they were invariably in use in San Francisco cigar stores. If a clerk knew the patron's taste in cigars he turned as the patron entered and took from a humidifier one or two boxes of cigars, brought them to the counter and opened the boxes. If a stranger was to be served his preferences were learned and three or four boxes were placed on the counter and opened for his inspection.

A clerk never touched a cigar. A San Francisco cigar store was no more of a cigar store in indignant protest if he were supplied with a handful of cigars to select from, or in any other way a clerk touched a proffered cigar. Twenty dollar gold pieces seemed to be treated like pebbles on the beach, cigars like pearls.

EX-S. F.
New York, May 26.

Neglected Graveyards.

Memorial Day Recalls Forgotten Country Cemeteries.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: In this age of progress sentiment is apt to become a worn-out virtue in many families and communities. As Memorial Day draws near there are those belonging to the older school who turn backward to other years and visit the resting places of those whom they have known and loved.

It is not my desire to call attention to the neglected city graveyards, but to the many little overgrown graveyards scattered throughout the country, where year after year the blackberry and poison ivy vines are left to cover the graves of those who are resting there, neglected and forgotten by members of their own families. Some of the hidden brown stones are historical monuments, being those of brave men and women who lived and were full of deeds of sacrifice and heroism, whose descendants are glad to trace their ancestry to those who at critical times took part in the saving of their country. Then comes the question, Why neglect these little forgotten country graveyards?

In olden times they were placed near the meeting house and in some cases close to the city center. The work which it should have been the pride of the family to do. Years pass and churches become inactive to many of the fundamental principles of the fathers in their hurry to keep abreast of the times.

MAY CASWELL LIGGETT.
SPRINGFIELD, N. J., May 26.

Old Music Halls.

The Hong Que and Tony Pastor's Theater in Broadway.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: I was living in North Moore street in 1868 and heard Guss Williams sing the jive and needles song in that year at Tony Pastor's Theater at 535 Broadway.

He was a graduate of the Hong Que, a free and easy institution that flourished in those days in Spring street just east of Broadway and opposite the Astor estate office. Among Guss's associates in the Hong Que were Harding, Van Demark, Melville and Johnny Roach.

Tony Pastor brought out Lillian Russell at 535 Broadway in 1868 and gave her that stage name, her right name being Lillian Leonard.

Only a few years ago Guss Williams committed suicide in Yonkers after some young fellow in a booking office named him he could do for an engagement. This I read in your paper. The last time I heard him, and I went there expressly to hear him sing "Twenty-seven Cents," was at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater.

E. J. O'SHAUGHNESSY.
New York, May 26.

A Missouri Trade Note.

From the St. Joseph News Press.

Human hair is said to be worth about \$50 a pound. But when a woman is buying it or merely trying to keep it.

U. S. Continues Poison Gas Tests

Cannot Afford to Be Outdistanced by Other Nations Pending Ratification of Treaties.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.
New York Herald Bureau.
Washington, D. C., May 26.

The War Department will continue its experiments in the manufacture of poison gases regardless of the treaties growing out of the conference for the limitation of armaments.

The Government arsenal at Edgewood, Md., will be maintained as a laboratory experiment station, and the best talent will be utilized to develop ideas in chemical warfare and in poison gases, although they will not be manufactured in quantity.

This decision is not based on the delay of other countries in ratifying the treaties negotiated at the Washington conference. It is assumed those treaties will be ratified in time. The United States is committed to the idea that the use of poison gases in warfare should be eliminated, but Secretary of War Weeks feels this cannot be done until all Governments enter into an agreement to this effect and earnestly keep the compact.

At present, according to information reaching Washington, all the Governments are continuing experiments in gases suitable for chemical warfare, and the United States, as a measure of safety, cannot allow itself to be outdistanced.

It is pointed out that the agreements included in the treaties merely call for the non-use of these gases in war among the nations signatory to the treaties. It does not pledge them to refrain from development, nor does it bind them not to use gases against nations not signatory to the treaties, and, naturally, it has no effect on the "moral gesture" upon nations not signatory.

The Government's decision to go ahead with its chemical experiments is made deep by the conviction of every official, including the President and the Secretary of War, that the use of gas in warfare is an offense against civilization. It is believed the agreement reached at the Washington conference has been a move in the right direction. But it is regarded as only a step. The viewpoint entertained by the War Department, that experimentation in new gases should be continued, is held by the military affairs committees of both Senate and House and is reflected in the appropriation contained in the army bill for this purpose.

The War Department professes to have no knowledge of a reported British mission that has come here to learn American chemical warfare secrets. The department has kept the secret that has existed since the world war concerning the deadly gases which had been perfected and were ready for use when the armistice was signed. It is said sensational progress since has been made along this line by American chemists, but this secret, too, is closely guarded.

The huge supplies of gases which were on hand at the close of the war have been destroyed and the sufficient quantities for experimentation are kept on hand and no supplies are being created. The Government is committed to

An Old Guitlar.

In a room where shadows are I have found an old guitar,
Cracked its face and frayed its strings;
Frayed its vain imaginings.

Ancient case, which now art dumb,
How you used to throb and hum!
You were wont to tinkle nights
All alive with young delights.

"La Paloma" fluttered down
Through the fading branches blown,
And the "Spanish Cavalier"
Caracolled in gay career.

Some one in a crinoline
From behind a curtain screen
Listened to the tunes I played,
Listened to the serenade.

I can see her, see her now,
Banded hair above her brow,
Peeping from her chamber high
While the moon sailed down the sky.

From her white hand petals fell,
Even now their scent I smell,
Even now their colors flame—
But I can't recall her name.

Was it May or Anabel?
There was no one left to tell;
No one left to-day who knows
Whether it was Ruth or Rose.

Whosoever you were, fair maid,
Take anew this serenade
Thrummed upon an old guitar
In a room where shadows are.

MATTHEW MORRIS.

Where Cocaine Comes From.

Wild Shrub of Peru and Bolivia Long Known to Natives.

Pharmacist in London Daily Mail.
Cocaine, the use of which is so greatly abused because it produces elation of spirits for a short period, is a most valuable drug when used by the surgeon on small operations on the face, ears, mouth, teeth and other parts of the body as a preventive of pain. It obviates the use of ether or chloroform.

It is made from the leaves of the shrub Erythroxylum coca, which grows in Peru, Bolivia and Chile and is now cultivated in India and Ceylon.

A traveler in Bolivia and Peru will come across a shrub growing wild which will remind him somewhat of our British blackthorn. It bears a cluster of small flowers with yellowish white petals which are succeeded by red berries. The leaves are oval and about an inch in length, and when crushed have a faint tallowy odor.

This is the coca plant. The leaves have for centuries been used by the natives as a masticatory. When chewed they allay the desire for food and prevent a feeling of fatigue when traveling or during great exertion. Fifty years ago cocaine was practically unknown.

The dried leaves of the plant are the part used and these yield approximately 5 per cent. of cocaine.

From the leaves the cocaine is extracted in the form of crystals. But as these are soluble only in oils, alcohol, chloroform and some other vehicles, cocaine is converted into a hydrochloride, which is easily soluble in water. In this form it may be used as a powder for sprinkling on the parts to be operated on or for snuffing into the nose, or as a solution for injection under the skin.

As much as \$750 has recently been mentioned as the value of two pounds of cocaine, but this is probably based on the price the illicit dealer expects to obtain for his smuggled goods. The present market price is about \$8 a pound.

ELIZABETH SCOLLARD.

Often Happens That Way.

Stomach correspondence, Benton Courier.

Have not much time to write and really are not wanting to write no way.